

Sleep With the Light On

by Frannie Grace

Category: Profiler
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-02-02 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-02-02 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:05:56
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 798
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Sam/Bailey Friendship-Missing Scene "Double Vision" A few thoughts and spoken words.

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> <meta name="Generator"> Disclaimer: They're not mine, but if they were, Sam and Bailey would be together **__**_

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Author's Notes: This is my first "Profiler" fic, so please be kind. The idea stemmed from seeing the end of "Every Five Minutes". (I think. If I'm wrong, someone please correct me.) Let me know what you think!

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By Gayle F. Cox

"Get some sleep." Bailey reaches above my head and pulls the cord to turn the light back on.

I smile up at him and lean back into the seat. Everyone else is asleep. I probably should be. Grace is leaning back in a chair at the small conference table, her head back, breathing deep. George is next to her, but his head is on the table, and his left arm is stretched out over the table. He looks about six years old, and it makes me smile. John is behind me, at another FBI table, looking more like a worn-out traveling salesman than a FBI agent.

Of course, Bailey is still up. Part of me wonders if he ever sleeps.

No matter how late I leave the office, he is still up and working. I know down in my subconscious that he always waits until the office is empty before leaving. He plays the tough man to keep us all safe, but I know better.

Just the knowledge that I know better makes me smile again. Bailey, the protector. Bailey, the tough man. Bailey, the teddy bear. Oh, geez, if he ever heard me call him that I'd probably be on desk duty for the rest of my career.

Thoughts of Bailey make me glance over at him. He's in a large black chair next to the GPS system, reading from the light above his head. For a minute, his concentration stays on the file, but then he glanced up and noticed my gaze.

"You're supposed to be sleeping. I even turned the light back on." He smiles.

I smile back. "Thinking keeps me up late." I nod to the file. "I guess it does the same for you."

Bailey closes the file and moves across the jet to sit across from me at the circular booth. "Mine are work thoughts. I don't think yours are."

"Bai-"

"Don't cut me off, Sam; I know I'm right." He leans forward. "Is it Jack?"

The name makes me wince inwardly. Jack-how many times has he kept me up at night? But for once it's not him. "Not this time. I'm thinking about the case."

"The case is over."

"Aftereffects then. I'm wondering if the family will be okay. Finding out how their daughter died is not going to settle well." I drop my gaze, my thoughts going to Tom.

Bailey's rumble comes close to my ear. I realize he's moved across the booth to sit beside me. "Don't let that keep you up, Sam. They'll deal with it in their own way. There's nothing else they can do."

"I guess."

"You know. Got that? You *know*. They'll get through, just like you did."

"I went into hiding."

His hand squeezed my shoulder. "You were being stalked; you still are. Maybe you should still be in hiding."

My head jerks up at the comment. "No, Bailey, I was in hiding for three years, and that didn't stop Jack. I'm not going back in; no matter how badly I want to."

"You want to?" Bailey looked surprised.

I sighed. "I get scared, Bailey. That's why I sleep with the lights on." My wry smile makes him smile.

He reaches above me and turns on the larger overhead light. "Go to sleep, then."

I smile. "I will when you will."

"I'll make it eventually. 'Night, Sam."

"Night, Bailey." I turn away and try to sleep, for a few moments, I couldn't get comfortable, but Bailey's mumbling over the file soothed me into unconsciousness. Before I nodded off completely, I made myself a promise. *I'll sleep with the lights off again.*

**

End
file.